New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements.

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Those Who March.

It is no little thing, this marching of the first hundreds of our volunteer soldiers. Despite the fact that the crowds that collect disperse, the bands pass and the flags come down again, those days on which our young men go forth to serve must remain forever memorable in our history and in our hearts.

On the foundation of such sacrifice as this volunteering supplies is built the whole edifice of our national life. All that we have, that we own, that America means to Americans and to the world, flows from the sacrifice of lives, flows from the willing and ready response of the hundreds and thousands to the call of our common country.

Not all the years that have passed since the first soldiers, soldiers only in the fact that they carried muskets, assembled on Lexington Green to this present hour have changed the fundamental fact that if men have a faith, a loyalty, a clinging to ideas and to ideals, to a dream of a race and of a country, they must be prepared to fight for them, to die for them, from time to time.

In 1775, in 1812, in 1846, in 1861, in 1898 and now in 1916, Americans have marched. Not a generation has been entirely free from sacrifice, and on several there has been laid a burden almost beyond endurance. To-day that which threatens seems a little war. No such effort as Germany or France is now making, no such need of volunteers as Britain has faced and met is foreseen or even conceived. Yet not less great, not less real is the sacrifice that is asked of the thousands who are going.

The departure of troops for war or even toward war is the most unreal thing in human life. Those who go first are young, proud with the sense of new dignity and duty, glad as youth is always glad when adventure beckons and the romance of service calls. They march before us, bringing our cheers, perhaps calling forth our tears, too, but it is a spectacle about which there is only that which inspires.

But when they are gone the change comes. Slowly, steadily the realization arrives. Those who marched from us to camp disappear from the camp into the distance, which at the horizon meets the thing we call vaguely "the front." Little by little there come back the veracious chronicles of suffering, of hardship, at last of sacrifice and death. Those who went so willingly and so gladly become in a sense a sacred memory.

It is a cruel thing, this penalty that life exacts of a nation. It is a brutal tax, this blood tax which is laid upon successive generations. And yet we who cannot escape it are compelled, at the last, to see, with the cruelty, the splendor, the transformation in the lives of those who go and those who stay, that the great fact works. So much that is mean and ignoble slips out of the lives of the people whose sons and brothers and husbands are doing something heroic and unselfish for all of us and for what our nation means.

It is in this sense, with sadness, with a feeling of bitterness at the necessity of sacrifice, with a sense of pride in the grandeur of the thing done, that we shall now watch the best of another generation of Americans leaving us for a duty whose extent may not yet be measured or circumscribed.

For those who have marched, for the survivors of '61 and '98, what is now taking place brings a very real sense of tragedy. From them the future is not hid. They see the long drudgery, the privation, the weariness, the pain and the agony that may lie ahead. In their own time they have seen other generations march out in the sunshine of the first hours and beyond into the darkness of camp, battlefield and hospital. Behind all that is brilliant, stirring, appealing they perceive that which is terrible.

Yet seeing all this, they can put it aside to rejoice that the spirit that existed when they marched and when those who marched with them and did not come back were also young still survives, that the same flag is carried by hands not less worthy and defended by hearts not less indomitable.

It is, indeed, no little thing that is taking place in our lives to-day. Rather it is something so big and enduring that it must crowd out the common and trivial cares and concerns of our lives. Thousands of men, young, surrounded by all that happiness and comfort can bestow, are willingly, gladly, giving up what life holds of present promise and of future hope, giving up all they have and all they hope to have, because a single word has been spoken, the simple call of duty has come.

The glory of war that is the tinsel and the uniform, the pomp and the ceremony, is an empty sham. But the glory of war that is the duty, the sacrifice, the unselfishness, the submission of the individual to the common weal, is an enduring fact. And it is this fact that stands disclosed to us to-day in all its true nobility.

No man can now say how far those whom we love and send are to march. No man or woman can foresee now to what dangers, to what perils, they are not willingly but yet with complete consent sending those they love. We shall not easily keep our tears back; we shall not even in our pride completely control our sorrow. There has been asked of us the greatest sacrifice that can be demanded. We have made it. More one cannot say.

But for those who march, with what wishes for good fortune, with how many prayers for their safety, with what pride in their devotion they are going! Their action has lifted us all out of the sordidness of our everyday concerns, their willingness to go has brought a new, a nobler understanding to us of our country and our race. Because of them we have again lived through a great day—another great day in our history.

And whatever of pain, of trial, of sacrifice may still be demanded of those who have gone, of one thing they must remain assured: our love, our admiration, our faith is all with them. What they have done makes all that we can say seem trivial; it is not by word that we shall even try to appraise their deeds. They have not failed us. In so far as we are able we shall not fail them.

The Return to Nature.

There is a touch of the romantic in the alleged habit of one Joe Knowles of spending his summer vacations in the big woods, alone and after the manner of Rousseau's "Man in the State of Nature." There is something of the primitive still lurking in the imagination of us all. We secretly envy this man his weeks of solitary freedom. Herded and cramped as we are by the restraints of a highly developed civilization, burdened with the necessity of keeping up appearances, who has not had moments when he longed to rebel, to throw off the habiliments and customs of human society and go back and be a child of Nature, or, as Walt Whitman said, to "turn and live with animals"? If one could only be sure of finding a sufficient diet of locust and wild honey to banish hunger, and could escape the annoyance of mosquitoes and the vigilance of scandalized rural constables!

For purely literary and intellectual purposes the imaginary return to nature is a source of inexhaustible interest. Psychoanalysts like Freud and Jung would doubtless tell us that it forms the mental imagery back of the greater part of modern Radicalism from Rousseau down to the most recent apostle of the cult of anarchism and the League for Free Speech. The imaginary child of Nature makes up half the appeal of painting and sculpture, and has been used by writers of strange tales of unrestrained deeds in wild, heroic, out-of-the-way places, from Daniel De Foe down to Stevenson and Conrad.

But as a practical method of spending a summer, one had better compromise and go to Provincetown or Far Rockaway. Students of sociology have long suspected that Rousseau's "Man in the State of Nature" was only an eighteenth century fiction. By no manipulation of the social machinery has society been able to retrace its steps back to this fabled being.

The same is true in the case of the individual. Even the nature lover on his vacation in the Adirondacks carries his civilization with him, like the English in the tropics who take along their bathtubs, razors and dress suits. Man is still a tenderfoot; he is only an imitation child of Nature. Civilization cannot be discarded by discarding one's clothes. The primitive man in us has been crushed under too many generations of social evolution. The instincts of the Nature man still remain, but repressed if not atrophied, a half forgotten psychic underworld on the periphery of our practical life, a source of dreams and fancies, often a corrective of the abuses and abnormalities of civilization, but no longer affording a realizable mode of existence.

Making New Difficulties in Ireland.

A great deal has been written about the difficulties offered by the several factions in Ireland to a tolerable settlement of the Irish problem. But for the fanaticism of the extreme Nationalists, or but for the bigotry and intolerance of the Orangemen, all would be well; and if only Sir Edward Carson would concede this point, or if only Mr. Redmond would agree to that, nothing could be easier than to work out a very satisfactory solution.

Obviously the difficulties began by differences in Ireland, and it is not altogether reasonable to suppose that these differences can be abolished at once. But there is another difficulty that is not sufficiently considered, and it is a purely English difficulty. It is the assumption on the part of some Englishmen that they alone are capable of solving the problem and that the Irish, because they cannot agree among themselves, ought not to be considered at all. This attitude will not facilitate the task of those who are trying to clear up the present muddle.

A short time ago one of the London papers published a long criticism of the Irish character under the title of "Some Wholesome Home Truths." The whole tendency of this treatise was to show that the Irish were constitutionally incompetent unless they happened fortunately to have some foreign blood in them. The Irishman, the writer said, was "about the most unsatisfactory citizen of this great empire," he was of a "weak, ignorant, lazy, emotional race," with "no stability or loyalty," and, though Irishmen might seem generally to be faithful to their native chiefs, yet "at the instigation of some charlatan with a gift of the gab they will turn and murder them." The plain truth was, he explained, that the admixture of some other race was essential, and that only in this way could the Irishman acquire the "instincts of truth and honor." He remembered that some great leaders, such as Wellington and Roberts, were Irish, but, though they may have "called themselves so," yet "they were not pure Irish." For his own part, he was satisfied that the Irishman should be treated kindly but firmly like a too high-spirited and unmanageable hunter, which, under proper control, "enjoys itself and learns to behave and obey its master."

That this criticism was reprinted with evident approval in a leading paper of Ulster is not an argument in its favor. It serves the purpose of the Scots of the North. But it does not make the way easier for Mr. Lloyd George and the others who are trying to establish peace in Ireland.

Why Not a Soap Box?

Senator Thompson, whose burlesque "investigation" of traction affairs has dragged along for months, announces that he will disregard the Legislature's mandate to quit on July 1, and continue his search. Just what he is searching for now a mystified public seems wholly unable to understand. What he and his counsel can find, to judge by their past performances, cannot possibly be of any use to anybody.

Yet Thompson and his lawyer seem to be enjoying themselves. That enjoyment may be somewhat curtailed, after July 1, by the refusal of witnesses to appear before a body legally dead. The difficulty is not insurmountable. There are plenty of street corners, and doubtless the city authorities could be prevailed on to grant a permit for the use of one of them. A soap box and a tambourine to attract attention of the wayfarers would be a much less expensive equipment for the eminent legislator than the rooms at the Biltmore, the taxicabs, the stenographers and the theatre tickets for committee members for which the state has had to pay. Such a continuation of the "investigation" would have the further merit of keeping Senator Thompson out in the open air.

Poor Old New York.

It is a losing fight that old New York puts up against the new. A few faithfuls shed a tear when a comfortable old haunt like the Fifth Avenue Hotel is carted away by the house wreckers. Most of us are so inured to these partings that our hearts are as flint. To dine with a charming hostess one night and, on dropping around a week later, to find her home swiftly flowing through a chute into a wagon while the wallpapers you knew so well are exposed to the passers-by as in a shell-ridden house of Verdun, merely makes a New Yorker chuckle. It is a good joke, of a piece with all the shifting, casual insecurity of our iridescent town.

They are trying to revive McGown's Pass Tavern at the present moment. A protest has been lodged against the proposed new contract by the city—and who speaks or cares for the perpetuation of Gabe Case's celebrated hostlery? To tell of the magnum of champagne that always greeted the first sleigh to arrive at its doors is to rattle bones out of a hopelessly dead past. The idea is as quaint as Van Bibber's swan boats or a 1915 automobile. Were there really sleighs and horses once? And we fear that any future of this resort is hampered by just such changes. When you go driving in a sleigh the near side of Harlem and what was once the Kingsbridge road is plenty far enough; when you go swooping forth in a twin six you are on the Pelham Parkway before a magnum can say "pop!" What chance has history in a twelve cylinder age?

A Sage Brush Tragedy

(From The Boston Herald.)

It is a pity that Mark Twain is not living to write the obituary of "The Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise," on which he worked in the bonanza days of long ago. A brief news item chronicles the suspension of that newspaper; its passing brings back the memory of the remarkable boom city where the great silver fortunes were made, a city of which but a pitiful ghost survives among the sand and sage. For years "The Enterprise" struggled on after the great boom "busted," but Virginia City could not "come back."

In all the romantic story of the West there is no chapter more entrancing than that which tells of the rise of that fabulously rich mining camp. It was the wildest place that the wild West knew, the richest centre in the land where millions were made and lost in a minute. Its days of glorious prosperity were only a few years ago, but to the occasional visitor, whom curiosity draws to its deserted streets and tumbledown shacks, its glory seems further in the past then the mysterious civilization of the Mesa Verde.

The West is full of lost cities and dead towns—not only the mining regions, but the prairie states as well—but among them all Virginia City is in a class by itself. And the tragedy of it is that the place does not know that it has long been dead, and the people still live, or exist, there who cling to the hope that in some magic way the boom will come back. And in all the sovereign State of Nevada—by the way, a state about as large in area as all New England and New York combined—there are fewer persons than in the city of Somerville—and a very different class of population in the main!

Exhaustion in 1861-'65.

(From The Saturday Evening Post.)

Belligerent Europe has not yet gone so far in the destructive way as this country went in 1861-'65. Wealth of the nation in 1860 was estimated by the census at $16,000,000,000. Direct money cost of the war to the North was about $3,250,000,000, and to the South quite certainly well above $1,000,000,000, though exact computation here is difficult. All together, the direct cost was equal to about a quarter of the total wealth at the beginning of the conflict. Highest estimates of the direct cost of the European war fall decidedly short of that proportion of the total wealth of the belligerents. The number of men under arms in the Civil War apparently reached about 8 per cent of the total population, while the highest estimate we have seen of the number of men under arms in Europe amounts to something like 4 per cent of the population of the warring nations. The longer the war runs, the less likely seems a smashing military victory—an Austerlitz or a Waterloo. And if it is to be ended by a process of complete exhaustion it seems to have a long way to go. As Adam Smith once remarked there is a great deal of ruin in a nation.

A CALL FOR PATIENCE

A Friendly Criticism of The Tribune's Recent Course.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I am one of those, also, whose father read The Tribune for years and I have read it all my life, and I have always considered The Tribune's editorials very cool and collected until the Republican convention which has just been held. For some reason The Tribune has become very impatient and seems to be in a terrible hurry, and, together with many of its Republican readers, has jumped at conclusions and is sure Mr. Hughes is losing valuable time in not expressing himself more fully on certain issues that are now before the people.

One fretful, anxious Republican expects to be "disfranchised"; another says that "candidate Hughes's belated expression of his principles is too late to be of any intrinsic value," and is "sore, disgusted and disappointed."

It appears to me that Mr. Hughes, since Saturday, June 10, has done wonders. I don't know of a lightning change artist on the stage who could outdo him in quickness. Now, for goodness' sake, let us Republicans get down to common sense and give Mr. Hughes a chance to get his bearings. Think of him as a dignified justice on Saturday at luncheon; the word came that he is nominated for President; the next minute he became a common, ordinary citizen, by resigning from the United States Supreme Court; meets a houseful of reporters; receives a flood of telegrams from all parts of the country; runs the gantlet of a line of cameras, while on his way to church the next day; packs his grip and is on the job at the Hotel Astor, New York City, on Monday morning, and yet found time during all that excitement to dictate a letter of acceptance which ought to satisfy any good sound Republican on the hyphen question or any other subject until Mr. Hughes gets a chance to catch his breath and make the preliminary preparations for the coming campaign. He, of course, ought and will listen to all good advisers, but by his past political record we know he will take no orders from any boss.

FRANK L. SOWTER.

New York, June 16, 1916.

Push for Hughes.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Just why you take part in humiliating Justice Hughes, the Republican nominee for President, we cannot surmise, unless it is your dislike for Governor Whitman, who placed Mr. Hughes in nomination. The unfriendly passions you may have for Governor Whitman are personal and should have no bearing on the good name of Justice Hughes. You insist that Mr. Hughes shall denounce the hyphen and that each day of postponement of so doing will reduce his vote in November.

We are American through and through and are equally anxious to see the hyphen extinguished, but cannot accept your word that because Mr. Hughes has not at this very moment recited a declaration condemning the hyphen as you would insert it in The Tribune is detrimental to his election.

In the early part of the present campaign you were not particularly interested in any one of the several prospective Republican candidates, and it was not until Governor Whitman announced himself for Hughes that you joined the Colonel Roosevelt gathering, and we all know that The Tribune and the Governor are not on speaking terms—we have this from The Tribune. Will you not lay the Governor aside and come out with a push for Hughes? You must, knowing Justice Hughes as you do, know that he will in due time condemn all nationalities who insist in placing the hyphen before the word American. WILLIAM M. CHENEY.

New York, June 19, 1916.

Indorse Wilson Unless——

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I am very pleased with the stand The Tribune is taking with regard to the Hughes nomination by the "old guard" at Chicago. If the "old guard," composed of reactionaries, is satisfied with Mr. Hughes, that in itself is sufficient reason for the plain, unbossed voter to beware. Mr. Roosevelt, as I told you in a letter printed by you in March, ought to have been nominated, because he refused to kowtow to the pro-German alliances and because he is for America first, last and all the time. Now that all the pro-Germans are lining up behind Hughes—whether the latter approves of it or not is immaterial—it appears to me that they are setting out to punish Wilson.

I am not a great admirer of Wilson, but everybody must admit that he is a true American. If it has come to pass that an American President is to be punished by foreign-born voters because he sought to uphold American honor and American rights then the time has come when all Americans, whether Democrats, Republicans or Progressives, must stand behind Wilson and show these hyphenate traitors that there remains some manhood, some red blood in this country. As a Progressive, an ex-Republican, a reader of The Tribune for twenty-three years and always an American, I hope The Tribune will come out and indorse Wilson if our party leaders cannot induce Mr. Roosevelt to accept the Progressive nomination.

JAMES T. M'CORMICK.

Stapleton, N. Y., June 16, 1916.

Stuff.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I voted for T. R. in 1912 and favored him in 1916, but have more sense than you, for you are so stupidly pig-headed that you can't see your own structure you have built. You have inveighed against Wilson until you convinced yourself and many others that he is an American menace—and he certainly is not a man to be proud of. We of New Jersey did not give him a majority in 1912, and he will do worse in 1916, but your frozen-blooded (hyphen—sic!) indorsement of Hughes has stirred some of your readers to go to the man you believe helped, by inaction, to sink the Lusitania, and then simply write notes about it.

You're a blanked idiot now to encourage him and his weaklings by the stuff you are permitting on your editorial page. S.

Atlantic Highlands, N. J., June 16, 1916.

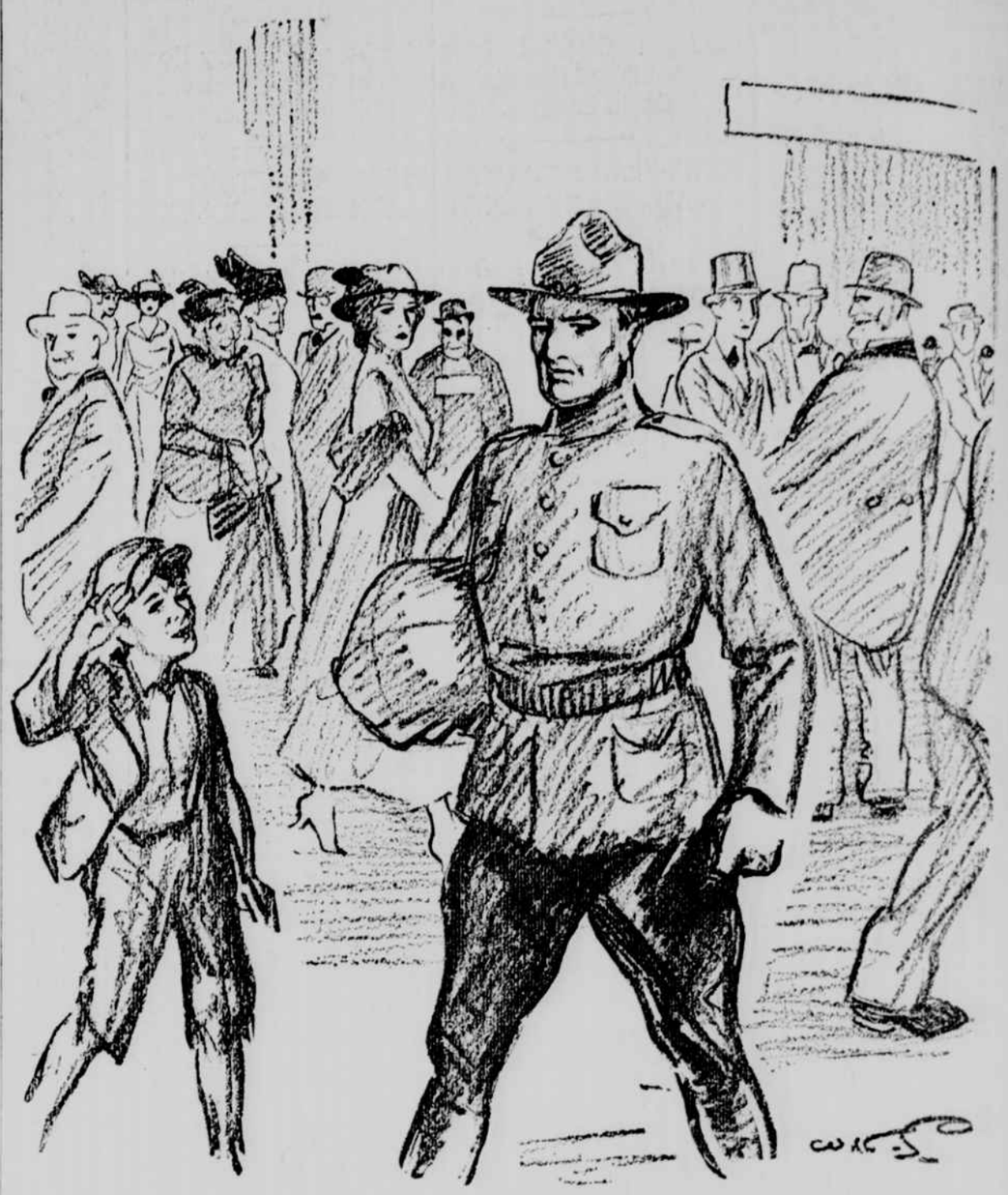
The River of Doubt.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Quit being a Bull Mooser and either come out a Democrat or a Republican, for by sitting on the fence you are not helping any one. If you remember, in 1871-'72 The Tribune tried the same game and succeeded in having Editor Horace Greeley nominated as the Democratic candidate, and Horace was overwhelmingly defeated before the election came off. Use some of the common sense of your Ad-Visor column in your editorial section, and don't try to ride two horses and a bull moose, because you will certainly be dropped into the River of Doubt, and will get soaked. DORSEY FOULTZ.

Washington, D. C., June 17, 1916.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR.



A WEAK-KNEED POLICY

Having Bred Hyphenates, Administration Cannot Complain of Them.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It was said by a wise old Frenchman that if a man betrays you once it is his fault; if he does so twice it is your own. This thought comes home forcibly to one in reading the political platform of Dr. Woodrow Wilson, which has been duly and dutifully ratified by his loyal vassals assembled in the (so-called) Democratic convention at St. Louis.

Beneath all the sonorous bombast and self-glorification of it, it is after all little more than a weak confession of failure and a piteous plea for one more chance. It is a striking fact also that the platform should lay special and almost exclusive stress on those very things in respect of which the Administration has thus far conspicuously failed in its duty, and should make its loudest plaint about conditions and problems which it is itself chiefly responsible for creating. Preeminently is this so in the case of the Administration's Mexican policy, a discussion of which, however, is a full day's job by itself.

The eleventh hour enthusiasm for preparedness and for an aggressive foreign policy are transparently such a palpable scramble for the tailboard of the band wagon of public sentiment that it would be laughable were it not so mortifying to contemplate. That it has required the "accumulated circumstances of the last two years" finally to show to the skipper of the ship of state the straight course, which very early in that period was plainly visible to a large percentage of the passengers, is not well calculated to inspire much confidence in his seamanship.

It is quite right, if somewhat banal, to speak in terms of stern condemnation of those persons, "actuated by purposes to promote the interest of a foreign power," etc., who, "by intimidating, embarrassing or weakening our government" have shown themselves "faithless to the trust which the privileges of citizenship impose." But why so much talk about it? Such a feeling of indignation is so obvious and natural as to render such an amount of protestation unnecessary. It should go almost without saying. Every real American feels the same way, whether he be native or foreign born. And, in passing, I would like to record my conviction that the same sentiment is shared by a very large percentage, if not indeed a majority, of American citizens of German birth.

But whose fault is it that these "alliances and combinations" have been suffered to flourish and exert their pernicious influence in "intimidating our government"? The belated condemnation of these pestiferous and insolent outlanders, who for more than a year and a half have been stretching almost to the breaking point the patience of every self-respecting man in the country, comes with mighty ill grace from this Administration, whose supine and vacillating policy has been the one thing which has made the continued existence of these creatures possible.

The people of this country do not require to be specially exhorted to be Americans, and they have a right to resent the assumption of a superior brand of Americanism on the part of any one—and, *a fortiori*, on the part of that man and party who themselves failed and neglected utterly to assert that Americanism at the very time when it was most urgently required of them. Can any thinking man doubt for a moment that the whole nation would have risen spontaneously to the loyal support of the President if, at the time of the Lusitania outrage, he had stood squarely on his hind legs and had taken and maintained the one and only possibly self-respecting stand in defence of our rights and our honor? And what if, in such case, the German government had called our play, and severed diplomatic relations? Does any one doubt that any "alliance or combination" who then should have tried to "intimidate" the government would have been granted the shortest of shrifts? What the people of the United States wanted then was a leader, a real man, who would inspire and crystallize the patriotic sentiment of the nation. But herein Woodrow Wilson miserably and pitifully failed us. He waited for some one else, for a consensus of public opinion, to lead him and tell what to do, and the inevitable result has been a general demoralization and confusion of public sentiment and public conscience.

The American people in that crisis (and in the shameful series of others which followed) stood steadfastly ready to back his play, whatever it might be, willing meanwhile to wait and trust him. But during the weary and humiliating weeks and months which ensued, while "crisis" and "grave situation" followed each other thick and fast, they vainly strove to keep pace with him in all his devious twistings and doublings and side steps and somersaults, until they finally (to borrow the old range phrase) got to "milling" hopelessly.

The whole course of the Administration in its dealings with foreign affairs has been such a bewildering series of contradictions and weak, inconsequential reversals of policy, such an insidious and elusive succession of bravely plausible promises, followed by repeated failures of performance, that the mind of the average citizen has become baffled and stupefied and has almost completely lost its bearings.

It is not for the Wilson Administration to complain of the hyphenates or their activities, nor has it any license to scold them for "intimidating the government." If it had not been for its own weak-kneed policy there would be no hyphenates. The Administration itself, by allowing them to intimidate it, is directly responsible for their continued existence. Furthermore, what sort of government is it, anyway, may we ask, which will so permit itself to be intimidated? GEORGE WESTERVELT.

New York, June 18, 1916.

A Call for Speech.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As a Democrat who had determined to vote for Colonel Roosevelt or Mr. Root, because I believed those statesmen had more definite convictions on what I consider to be the critical issues not only of this campaign but of all public discussions for the next decade, may I compliment The Tribune for its endeavor to make Mr. Hughes appreciate the importance to his success that an early and definite statement be made of his interpretation of the words "Americanism" and "patriotism" and of his programme of preparedness?

My confidence that the English language meant the same to me as it did to Mr. Wilson in 1912 leads me to question how in 1920 I shall interpret Mr. Hughes's very excellent but very broad professions of 1916.

Will Mr. Hughes act in accordance with Mr. Wilson's written declaration as made in the first Lusitania note?

Will Mr. Hughes coöperate with Colonel Roosevelt and General Wood in educating the people of America to the necessity and the valuable indirect results of compulsory service, and will he attempt to induce Congress so to legislate?

Will Mr. Hughes permit the German-American agents and their misinformed followers to believe that his understanding of Americanism is their understanding, and will he expect to receive the votes of free thinking and independent voting Americans, who disapprove the Wilsonian interpretation of Americanism, unless he openly condemns the numerous Teutonic societies who are so active in American politics?

NEW YORK VISITOR.

New York, June 18, 1916.

One False Note.

To the Editor to The Tribune.

Sir: The question is, does The Tribune support Mr. Hughes, the Republican nominee for President, or does it not support Mr. Hughes? Mr. Roosevelt has served the country superbly in many, many ways, and the chords of patriotic Americanism that responded to his vibrations were true before he moved them, but the one false note he struck outlasted all the true.

In measuring Mr. Hughes please get a new rule, a teddyometer will not fill the bill. Furthermore, dear Tribune, put your ear to the people's heart, and get the pulsation that I have been getting from hundreds of your own readers in various towns. It has been only in recent years one has heard readers apologize for your views, which means, does it not, that The Tribune has become bewildered?

G. H. CLAPP.

Poughkeepsie, June 17, 1916.

FOR A REPUBLICAN ADMINISTRATION

The Experience of a Reader Who Has Canvassed Sentiment

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have read several letters published in The Tribune expressing disappointment at the nomination of Mr. H. instead of T. R. Let me tell you my experience. About a month before the convention I canvassed my friends and acquintances, 58 of them, and asked their views. These men are all Republicans—none of them politicians, just quiet business people; some fairly well-to-do, some in moderate and some in very moderate circumstances—what used to be known as the vest pocket vote—men who do no shouting, never go to political meetings, but vote on Election Day. The result was that out of the 58 only four said they would vote for Roosevelt if he was nominated, although 15 of them voted for him four years ago; four or five said they would vote for Wilson, as he had kept us out of war (they have changed their minds since Hughes was made the nominee), and most of the rest said they would not vote at all. I have met men from all over the country and they told me the feeling all over was about the same as my canvass showed.

Now, I am a Republican and want to see for the good of the country the Republican party in power. People have short memories. When the present Administration came in it passed an income tax law most sectional in its application. Few people south of the Mason and Dixon line pay anything, and they will never have anything to pay with so long as they stick to the Democratic party. Then came the tariff law. The first results were to close a great many mills and factories. Just before the present war we had a million skilled mechanics out of work, nearly half a million idle railroad men and nearly half a million idle freight cars. The railroads were suffering from lack of freight to carry, and the equipment companies were standing still; for instance, the American Locomotive Company, which did a business of $49,000,000 in 1912, dropped to $29,000,000 in 1913 and to $9,000,000 in 1914, and it was so in nearly all other industries.

Over 200,000 acres of sugar land was ploughed out in Louisiana, as sugar cannot be produced at a profit in normal times under the present tariff. The chief characteristic of the Democratic party is now, as it has been for the last hundred years, the monumental incapacity to enact constructive legislation.

This war may be over before the next President is inaugurated. What then? After this country is fortified so that no nation would dream of attacking us then comes preparedness for peace. We are enjoying an ephemeral period of prosperity based upon destruction. Europe is our best customer for wheat and cotton, and every million men killed by the ammunition we have been selling means a loss of a million of our best customers. After the war we will probably have a flood of immigrants. Every man who can get away will, in order to escape the awful taxes they will be compelled to pay out of their scanty wages in order to meet the load the various European countries will have.

Now, I don't know what the duty on any particular article should be, but I believe we should have a tariff that will keep our mills and factories open and the men at work. We cannot get this under a Democratic administration. We must have the constructive party in power, the Republican. Therefore I hope and pray that every man who has the good of the country at heart and is not blinded by partisanship will work and vote for the election of Mr. Hughes and a Republican Congress.

JAMES C. YOUNG.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., June 15, 1916.

No Longer.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: If the Republican party has reached a point where it must look to the Supreme Court bench for its Presidential candidate, ignoring the greatest American that has graced its ranks since 1865, I for one cease to be a Republican.

And this is singing a different tune from the one I sang when you first declared for Roosevelt. I then wrote you: "Permit me to state it as my opinion that you are lending your influence in the same direction as did 'The Evening Mail' and others in 1912."

KENNETH HOLMES.

Binghamton, N. Y., June 16, 1916.